



BISHOP W. SAMPSON BROOKS

One of the leading Bishops of the Am. E. Church before departing for Africa lately he penned the following letter to the editor of this newspaper.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 24, 1922.
Mr. Julius F. Taylor,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Friend:

On the eve of sailing I am dropping you a line. I am doing this as a token of appreciation for your sympathetic interest manifested in my visit to America. Of course you have been my true and abiding friend for many years and you would hardly do less than you did to give over the columns of your paper openly and freely in advocacy of my campaign in America. The secular press has been

unintended in doing its part to help turn the attention of the American people to Africa. I feel that the press realizes more than ever the great responsibility resting upon it in setting forth Africa and its needs. No one has done more in this direction than yourself and I thank God for it.

We are sailing on Dec. 2nd on the White Star Line, S. S. Cedric from pier 59, New York City. Write us often to our address in Liberia.

God bless you, I am
Yours for the redemption of Africa,
W. SAMPSON BROOKS.

THE MEANEST MAN

By WILL M. MAUPIN

I've heard of men so awful mean
They'd skin a flea for hide and
tallow;
Or lick a soup bowl slick and clean,
No matter if 'twere deep or shallow.
I've heard of men so mean of heart
They'd squeeze down hard on every
dollar
Until the goddess fell apart
And was compelled to loudly "holer."

I've heard of men so mean and "near"
The thought of wear gave them keen
twinges,
And so they climbed the fence for fear
To swing the gate would wear out
hinges.

And once I knew a man so mean
His heart was wont to quickly flutter
If children at his board were seen
To use molasses on bread and butter.

But of all men described as mean
There's one who's worse than all the
others;
His heart so small, his soul so lean,
That all good thoughts he quickly
smothers.
He is so mean, and always was,
That as excuse for never giving
He says there is no Santa Claus—
And he's the meanest fellow living.
(© by Will M. Maupin.)



HON. ALFAR M. EBERHARDT

One of the Newly Elected Judges of the Municipal Court of Chicago, Who Wishes All of His Friends and Supporters a Merry Christmas.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

Takes Up the Black Man's Burden from Various Standpoints

Presents a Few Facts That Can't Be Disputed by Anybody

There is one thing that I cannot understand and it is this. Why is it that the policemen on their beats don't "run in" the hundreds of immoral women who are constantly patrolling our streets "soliciting" from early morning until late at night. Some of them are young girls who are in their teens. It does seem to me that the police department could remedy this evil that is eating the life blood out of the flower of our womanhood. Oh, God! How much longer will my eyes behold such a rotten condition? I appeal to whoever is responsible for this, the lowest of all evil, to call a halt to it or else you will some day pay the penalty for the great injustice you are doing to a defenseless people. Do you hear me?

I was standing in front of one of our leading theaters a few nights ago talking to a friend, and just for ten minutes. During that time, at least a half dozen yellow taxis rolled up filled with the "brethren and sisters." Almost all of them lived within three blocks of a street car line and for 7 cents each could have come to the theater. These same people, or at least many of them, used to walk five and sometimes ten miles and "pick

cotton, all day long," every day, and not say a "mumbling word" about it, when they were "down yonder." Now they can't go three blocks without calling a "yellow taxi."

Now, brother, you will have to "cut that stuff out." You will "turn your heels up to the sun after a while and some undertaker will have to beg a nickel and a dime here and yonder to put your "dead carcass" away to keep the "buzzards" from destroying it.

You know what I am talking about, so hear me before it is too late.

Do you know that the "brothers and sisters" are buying up all of the second-hand churches that they can put their hands on. They tell me that Bethel A. M. E. Church has just bought an old building at 42nd and Grand boulevard this week, and at a cost of \$90,000. I can't understand why we continue to buy these old broken down structures that white people are discarding. Why not take Bishop Carey's advice, given you some time ago, and build new churches. They will last longer and will give employment to numbers of the race who are in the building business, architectural, etc., and the world will have a chance to see our progress along that line.

SOME INTERESTING COLORED PEOPLE

By Dr. M. A. Majors

The colored people of America not only lend color to our social life, but they have added some of our very richest romance to literature. Filling for the most part the humble station around the home such as they have allotted always as servants. In the latter capacity to the versatile in fiction or real life taken for the wit and humor their presence brings to some happy situation glides with a thread of gold running through the literary fabric which is woven by the trenchant pen. Their emphasized simplicity not to be found elsewhere may always be relied on to bring the writer a rich reward. There are hundreds of distinguished men and women famous as authors who have reached their high place in bookdom without as much as insinuating that there ever existed any such race as a Negro race. Yet there are a few who paid special attention to breathing into their literary children the very essence of the simplicity of the old time Negro which has not only created interest, but helped to sweeten the tone of narrative.

Our American citizens are not all white. Our Negro citizens are not all of the servant class. Facility and the progress of the world has offered something akin to opportunity to those who have anxiety to rise above the commonplace and mediocre. Ambition and aspiration have in a manner come upon the Negro in rather a paradoxical way. Booker T. Washington as a boy, and Frederick Douglass as a boy, both without any thing such as a precedent looked beyond the abilities of our abject civilization, and yet the fact remained that he could be taken and brought back into slavery without such a purchase, in the face of all contradictions of human ownership and his long desertion of slavery.

When the war came on he showed more than usual interest in trying to get Mr. Lincoln to draft several colored regiments, having in his tractile mind the thought of the immortal poet that "those who would be free themselves must strike the blow." It required much work and strategy to bring so important an event about and to bring colored soldiers to fight against white people of the same country. Finally congress passed the measure enabling the president to muster colored regiments, and Frederick Douglass was given the brevet as major, and commissioned to organize two regiments of Negro soldiers in the state of Massachusetts. These two regiments became famous for daring and valor. Three of his own sons fought with them.

In 1855 Mr. Douglass published his first story of his then eventful life laying especial emphasis upon the fact that he was not disclosing the secret of his escape from slavery. It bore a long introduction by the scholarly Dr. Wm. McCune Smith. Later he published his autobiography which is quite replete with interest and startling narrative. He held many public offices of a National character. Under President Grant he was appointed a high commissioner to visit San Domingo. Under President Garfield, United States Marshal of the District of Columbia. Under President McKinley he was made Consul General and Minister Plenipotentiary to Hayti. Under any and all circumstances he maintained his high character and performed all of the duties of his official life with honor and singular distinction.

His last public trust was the distinguishing honor conferred upon him by

the Haytian republic in having him represent them at the Columbian World's Fair in 1893 at Chicago, Ill.

It is claimed that he more than any one else outside of congress brought to bear public sentiment in favor of the adoption of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, giving untraveled freedom and citizenship to the enfranchised blacks.

Early in the fifties Mr. Douglass published a weekly paper in Rochester, New York. This paper was possibly the most outspoken journal in America against the slave system and so prominent he became as an abolition advocate that he was referred to on many occasions as Rochester's most famous citizen. Reaching the highest point of distinction as a citizen of a proud commonwealth it must be considered that he had to travel farther than a high school graduated white boy to the presidency. We must feel sincerely that in estimating his worth to civilization that it was more to be thought of the depths from which he had come than to measure the heights he had reached.

And yet we like to look at greatness no matter in what form it manifests itself. We like the thrill and stimulating effect on seeing some one or something that is marked with the world's approbation. Race distinctions finally ceased to burden the great heart of such human nobility as Douglass represented. He became too big to be small and hence he saw no more a race problem but a human problem.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

AS OLD AS HIS HOPE

YOU can't live on hope, of course. But neither can you live without it.

The surest sign of growing old is the fading of hope.

The best indication that a man still has youth and a future, is the tenacity with which he clings to his hope.

You smile at the rainbow chaser, but he is far more likely to get something worth while out of life than the cynic or the pessimist.

You can't catch even a street car without wanting to catch it, and you will never catch even the rim of happiness without hope.

Don't be afraid of hope. And don't be afraid to hope high, and hard.

Make your hopes great enough, and if you realize 25 per cent of them you will finish far ahead of your neighbor.

The doughboys who went to war hoping to come home colonels or generals didn't all achieve their ambition. But a lot of them came back lieutenants, and still more came back with D. S. C.'s and Croix de Guerre.

Those who went to war despondently came back, most of them, but they came back private, and opportunity, which they never hoped for, passed them by.

Youth, which all men want to hold as long as they can, feeds on hope.

A distinguished lawyer, seventy-five years old, is today in Europe doing an important work for his country. He will succeed, because though his physical strength has waned, his hope burns as high as ever.

You will have trials and discouragements, and black hours, but hope will carry you through them. Cling to it and you will live and die with a youthful heart. Give them up and desolation will cloud your autumn years and despair will accompany you to your grave.
(Copyright by John Blake.)

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: You have seen him in unsquirmable tight places, in business, in games, in his family, in his purse, and he always gets out of everything in a fine manner, you like the way he handles things, life, and you and himself. Yet he is anything but good looking, everyone thinks him "the last word," on homeliness, has the ugliest girl on earth lashed to the mast. He is not deformed, just no Winter Garden beau. He's nuts on you, and goes easy not to crack them, he'd chute from an airplane without a parachute if you so commanded. You can't make up your mind, though your heart is made up.

IN FACT
What matter is it how he looks if he doesn't have to look for a job?

Prescription to his bride:
Thank your stars daily for such a man. They are rare.

Absorb This:
UNHANDSOMENESS IS ONLY SKIN DEEP.

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HON. HUGH NORRIS

Treasurer of the Norris-Ward Coal Co.; City Oil Inspector of Chicago, wishes his many friends a tip-top Christmas



WOOD RATS' ARMY

"SOMETHING must be done at once," announced Mrs. Wood Rat to her husband one day. "Ever since we had the picnic for the children, and Tabby Cat from the farm saw us, life has not been worth living."

"But, my dear," replied Mr. Wood Rat. "Tabby is not afraid of me—or you, either, so what can we do but be careful?"

"I've been thinking it over," said Mrs. Wood Rat, "and I think Tabby could be frightened away for good if only there were enough of us. An army of wood rats would be too much for her to face, I am sure."

"T-e-s," answered Mr. Wood Rat, slowly, "but with all the rats in this part of the woods there would not be enough to frighten her away, I am afraid."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wood Rat, "but each one of us has a shadow and at night, when the moon is shining, we could manage to run about so that our shadows would run with us and that would make Tabby see just double our number, don't you see?"

Mr. Wood Rat argued for a little while with his wife, but in the end he



Back and Forth Went the Rats.

put on his hat and went out to tell all the neighbors the scheme that Mrs. Wood Rat had planned.

"Now, all of us must get to the corn crib today and each must bring away an ear of corn," he explained; "then tonight, before the moon is up, you are all to come over to our big rock and hide. Of course, bring your ear of

corn with you and Mrs. Wood Rat will tell you just what to do after that."

If Tabby had been watching that day she would have seen a strange sight, for back and forth went the wood rats to the corn crib and instead of eating the corn every one carried away a full ear, the largest one he or she could carry.

But Tabby Cat did not see them; she was peacefully sleeping behind the kitchen stove to be ready for the frolic she intended to have that night in the woods, with no other cat about to share in the fun.

When all was still that night and the moon was peeping over the tree tops, off ran Tabby Cat to the woods toward the rock where lived Mr. and Mrs. Wood Rat; but just before she reached it out from the rock came the rats armed with an ear of corn.

Tabby was so surprised she stopped for a second, but she wasn't afraid of a few rats. Of course, not. So she ran toward them, and then she saw there were not a few, but a very large number, for she saw all the shadows as well as the real rats, you see.

Then just as Tabby was beginning to think there were too many for her to manage, each rat threw the ear of corn it carried and all the shadows did the same, of course.

Tabby Cat turned and away she ran without once looking behind her and she did not stop until she was safe under the steps of the farm house where she lived.

Such a frolic as the wood rats had that night, for they picked up the ears of corn as soon as they saw Tabby running for home, and there in the moonlight they danced and ate corn until broad daylight.

"My dear," said Mr. Wood Rat to his wife the next morning, "I never knew how clever you were until last night. How did you ever happen to think of such a plan for getting rid of Tabby?"

"You are really the one that made me think about it," answered clever Mrs. Wood Rat. "You showed me my shadow one night in the moonlight, or I would never have thought of the plan."

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DR. M. A. MAJORS

Assistant Editor of this paper and he hopes that his many friends will spend pleasant times during the holiday season